

sity to a large company that he was taken into partnership, and is now coining money. This may be a somewhat exceptional instance, but in all the walks and avocations of life, other things being equal, the college man has the advantage in the race for wealth.

While the money-earning power of a college education is not to be overlooked or despised, it is not, after all, the chief benefit which it confers. It increases one's power of enjoyment. Thru it higher mental tastes are developed, fostered and gratified. The power to know, to think, to understand, and to appreciate, gives added relish to life. All intellectual avenues are thus open, and thru them the mind enlarges, and pleasures of the highest and most satisfying character spring up on every side. Culture has its own peculiar rewards. It yields gratifications found nowhere else, and compensates for privations and losses that may be sustained in other directions. To academic training one is indebted for the ability to better understand and enjoy current literature and events as well as to dive into the storehouses of special research and investigation. He is posted on literary, scientific and classical allusions which puzzle the ordinary reader, or the mere money-grabber. He has resources within himself upon which to draw for his personal enjoyment, of which the untrained mind is an utter stranger, and which serve him in good stead at times when he would otherwise be at a loss what to do, or how to pass leisure moments.

But, perhaps, the greatest benefit derived from a college training is the power for increased usefulness. He who is disposed to use it has a marked advantage, as a rule, over him who lacks it. He can express himself more readily and effectively. He can assume larger responsibilities. He can do work more effectively. He has a wider experience. He can better master exacting situations. He can bring into play a greater resourcefulness. He can occupy stations where influence is more telling. No doubt some men, of exceptional merit, who have never been at college, excel in special lines of service, but they would be still more useful as evangelists, ministers, and Christian workers if they had enjoyed its advantages, and many of them have longed for them all their days.

From the thoughts thus thrown out, it is clear that the higher education of our rising generation is not to be neglected or underrated. It will repay all who are capable of using it aright to take it. Many who have the privilege of it may not prize it as they should, nor use it as they might, but it is a power which every ambitious youth may well covet, and which every parent, who can, should give to his son. Of course, it can not confer brains, but it will develop them where they exist, and it will give incentive and direction to the worthy in every department of life.

If there be a calling child, there must be an answering Father.—*Macdonald.*

Labor is Worship

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild wild cares that come
o'er us.

Hark, how creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into heaven.
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart,
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'T is the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens.
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in
tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

—*Frances Sargent Osgood.*

Imprudence On the Part of Clergymen

Exchange.

Of all men a minister needs "to keep the door of his lips." His sermons may have a listless hearing, but he may be sure that what he may drop in common conversation will be sure to be noted and reported. This is especially true in regard to the "idle word" that seems inconsistent in one of his calling and claims.

In the line of unhappy speech, we know of nothing more common than detailing the weakness and foibles of clerical brethren. We have sat on pins and needles compelled to listen to what, not only in credit to the speaker but in loyalty to the church, should have been covered with silence. In the listening circle may have been those who had no sympathy with the church, or those whom we were trying to draw into her communion. Then there is the constant levity that may win the praise with a certain set of a "good fellow," but will lower the respect that is an essential to having the real position and doing the real work upon ministry. Men and Women must look up to us as if we are to be to them "Ambassadors for Christ," "Stewards of the mysteries of God."

No man needs more than a clergyman to study where he is, whom he is among, than the parish in or out of his special sphere. We would not have strait laced but we would have fairly prudent ministers.

We will all make mistakes enough, careful as we may be. Put it in your note book,

brethren, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

The Return

Baltimore Methodist.

Vacation will soon be over. From ocean's side and mountain's height, from country village and lonely farmhouse, they will soon be coming. The dust and heat of the city was left behind early in July. Two months have almost passed away. The old and young have rambled in fields and woods. The sun has tanned the face and hands. Pure food and drink have added to looks and weight. Freedom from the cares and burdens of city life has been greatly enjoyed. On the return it will require a little grace and patience to settle down to the routine of daily duties. Everything will need overhauling at home. Dust everywhere! Here and there in some dark corner the spider has woven his delicate drapery. It will be hard to get adjusted again. The heat is still here. I hear you say, "I am sorry I was compelled to come home at this oppressive season." Remember, dear friend, necessity knows no law. The time is up. The children must be at school. Business requires husband and father to be at his post, and active. Keep sweet. Don't complain. Be thankful for what you have enjoyed. Settle down gracefully to your lot in life. Be a philosopher. This science can be mastered at home as well as in the college.

"How Old Art Thou?"

Joseph Parker, D. D.

What is your life? Seventy years? Nothing of the kind; this is quite a poet's mistake. My life three score years and ten? Oh, no, no! What are you, up to about five? Well, not much. There may be five years struck off the seventy for many purposes of life; now you are sixty five. How much of your time do you spend in sleep? Why, I am told that from six to eight hours out of the twenty four should be given to sleep. Why, that is a third of your lifetime; and what is the third of sixty-five? and deduct that from sixty-five; why, the days of your years are getting down to about forty; and how many of those days and years will you spend in weariness and weakness under the doctor's care and the nurse's attention? What does that bring your life down to? It takes off some years. So it may.

And then you have what you call your holidays and recreations—yes—when you are supposed not to be strenuously engaged in life, but to be recruiting and renewing and gathering up your strength for some further effort.

How does your age stand now? You began with a store of threescore years and ten, according to poetic license; where are you now? So this little quantity is encroached upon, sometimes turned to waste; and what time have we for the deeper thought concerning the deeper life?